

## King Missile "Delores"

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The air was breathing, but I nearly suffocated  
in my sarcophagus  
Where the antelopes wear underwear on their antlers:  
On my mantle, memories recede, but cost of living  
adjustments dance the  
Charleston at the Rosebud of resplendent nostalgia:

The walls are dripping, and tonight the faces are on the  
ceiling, are  
they are suspiciously silent:  
There was a fire tonight, when the world weary smile:  
There was a pillow plummeting like invisible carbon in a  
passion play:

If this is only going from A to B and back again, how  
come when I clothes my eyes, I see bedsprings and  
excrement in deep focus:  
Dirty deals that only I am privy to, elegant cobblestone  
goblets, bone  
orchard china, parsips and lichen:

Puke on me, Delores:  
Are you married or lesbian, are you a celibate Buddhist  
acolyte,  
or are you just detached and unavailable like me:  
More to the point where are you: where were you:  
I went to the high school reunion, and Delores, there  
was  
no puke:

It's a sad lonely song by the barnyard, 'cause Delores  
ain't sick to  
her stomach no more:

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